

1490. G. 32.

A

NARRATIVE
OF THE
SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE
OF
CHARLES JACKSON,
LATE RESIDENT AT
WEXFORD IN IRELAND:
INCLUDING
AN ACCOUNT, BY WAY OF JOURNAL,
OF SEVERAL
BARBAROUS ATROCITIES
COMMITTED IN JUNE, 1798, BY
IRISH REBELS IN THAT TOWN,
WHILE IT WAS IN THEIR POSSESSION,
TO THE GREATER PART OF WHICH HE WAS AN
EYE-WITNESS.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:
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1865



20/-

P R E F A C E

TO induce me to publish the following Narrative of what I suffered, and of the scenes I witnessed, I have two motives.

THE first is, because I consider it my duty to my countrymen to exhibit to them the dreadful consequences which have resulted from the propagation of detestable principles among our fellow subjects in Ireland. The political doctrines, recommending schemes of reform in the State, which, for a considerable time past, have been industriously circulated, had unsettled the minds of the people, as was evident to a common observer, and prepared them eagerly to embrace the wild, irrational, French notions of liberty and equality, which

which soon exterminated every just principle. May my happy countrymen reflect upon what has taken place there, and cherish, with never-ceasing attachment and respect, the true liberty and security which they so fully enjoy !

I WILL candidly own, that my other motive is, an expectation, that I shall derive some advantage from the sale of this little book, so as to enable me again to establish myself in my business.

IN common with numbers, I lost at *Wexford* all the property I possessed ; and landed in *England* without farther means of support than what had been charitably given to defray the expences of bringing my family to *London* ; so that I have, according to the common saying, “ the world to begin over again.”

THAT no doubt may be entertained of the authenticity of this account, I have done all in my power to satisfy the minds of the most scrupulous, that I am worthy of being credited for what I have related.

The

The Letters, which are added, will be vouchers for me; and, should any person require other proofs, I shall always be ready to give such answers as I trust will remove all doubt. I therefore think it is proper for me to add, that I have fixed my residence at No. 8, *Chapel-street, Tottenham-Court-road.*

Copy

*Copy of a Letter from NATHANIEL
WHITWORTH, Esq. Deputy Commissary-
General, to Lieutenant-Colonel BRINLEY,
Adjutant-General's Office, Horse-Guards,
London.*

Haverfordwest, July 3, 1798.

DEAR BRINLEY,

I WILL offer no sort of apology for the favour I am about to ask, knowing you to possess a sufficiency of the milk of human kindness to relieve objects of real distress. The bearer has a tale to unfold relative to his sufferings by the rebellion at present raging in the county of *Wexford*, that I am sure will excite your commiseration. You may rest assured of the truth of what he may advance, which has been corroborated by the testimony of many respectable clergymen from *Wexford*. You will perceive, by a certificate in his possession,

possession, that he has been relieved by our Committee with money sufficient to carry him to *London*. What I have to request of you, is, that you will have the goodness to point out the proper office for him to present the certificate he possesses, as I am morally certain it will be productive of a small pecuniary relief to enable him to follow his business.

Yours, most truly,

N. WHITWORTH.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brinley.

Head-

*Head-Quarters, Wexford,
June 26, 1798.*

**PERMIT CHARLES JACKSON, his
wife, and child, to pass from hence to
England, free and unmolested.**

(Signed)

F. G. LAKE,

Aid-de-Camp to Lieutenant-General-Lake.

*To all Officers, Civil
and Military.*

Port of Milford.

THE above is a true copy of the Pass
lodged in the Custom-House, *Milford*.—
Given under my hand and seal of office,
this 29th *June*, 1798.

GEORGE HOUGH, Collector.

I KNOW

I KNOW CHARLES JACKSON, being his parish-minister, and certify that he conducted himself with true loyalty.

WILLIAM EASTWOOD.

WE certify, that we know CHARLES JACKSON, to be a very proper man, and a truly loyal subject.

JOHN JACOB, [a clergyman of the church of *England*, near *Wexford*; son of Dr. Jacob, a physician, who is the mayor of *Wexford*, and captain of the *Wexford* Infantry.]

N. C. H. HATCHELL, first lieutenant, *Wexford* Infantry.]

RALPH BOYD, [protestant minister of a church near *Wexford*.]

JOSHUA NUNN, [of St. Margaret's, co. *Wexford*, a man of great property.]

J. JOHNSON,

J. JOHNSON, [a physician of *Wexford.*]

ROBERT SPARROW, [a quaker,
and a merchant.]

Haverfordwest, July 2, 1798.

WE do hereby certify, that the within-named CHARLES JACKSON has received, from the Fund for the Relief of Irish Fugitives, ten guineas, for the purpose of carrying himself and family to *London.*

FRANCIS FORTUNE.

JOHN HIGGON.

H. PHILLIPPS.

NATHANIEL WHITWORTH,

Dep. Commis. Gen.

A NARRA-

A
N A R R A T I V E
OF THE
SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE
OF
CHARLES JACKSON, &c.

I WAS born an Englishman; and, at an early period of life, about five years ago, went to Ireland. At Cork I married, and received 200*l.* with my wife. In the beginning of the year 1797, I settled in the town of Wexford, as a carver and gilder, where, being the only person in that line of business in that county, I was much employed, and enabled to support my family in a creditable manner, till the breaking out of the late horrid rebellion.

On Sunday night, May 26, 1798, information was first received of the rebels being in force, about twelve miles from Wexford. The troops at that time in the town, consisting of a party of the North-Cork militia, between 300 and 400 men, and the cavalry and infantry corps of yeomen, were under arms the whole of the night: and, on Sunday morning, the alarm increased on hearing that the rebels were burning the houses of all the

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Protestant

Protestant farmers in the neighbourhood. A party of the North-Cork militia, consisting of 106 men, were ordered out, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Foote and Major Lombard, and marched to a place called Oulard, where they were met by the rebels. The situation of the ground was so unfavourable, that the party, after firing three rounds, (by which a considerable number of the rebels were killed,) was surrounded and cut to pieces, Colonel Foote and two privates only escaping. The moment an account of this disaster arrived, the Wexford infantry, which were assembled on the quay, insisted on being allowed to go out to meet the rebels and revenge the slaughter of their friends. Their officers, to pacify them, marched them over the bridge of Wexford and then addressed them, and at last prevailed upon them to return to the town.

The terror of the inhabitants that night can better be imagined than described. To add to it, all the families in the neighbourhood, who were able, were seen flying into the town, leaving their property behind them; the women, who had lost their husbands in the late engagement, running through the streets with their fatherless children, with all the expressions of distress. Nothing could exceed the anxiety visible in every countenance of the female inhabitants who had husbands, sons, fathers, or brothers, belonging to the different loyal corps of volunteers, and the constant apprehension of the arrival of the insurgents, flushed with the recent victory, and now rendered more formidable by having obtained the arms and ammunition of the militia who were slain. It indeed appeared, to us unacquainted with the miseries of civil war, a terrible scene.

That night, Sunday, May 27, the loyal inhabitants were all employed in making preparations for the arrival
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of our foes, and hourly in hopes of reinforcements from Waterford.—No attack was made during the night. The next day, Monday, May 28th, about one o'clock, we saw the smoke of the town of Enniscorthy, then in flames. [Enniscorthy is situated on the sea-coast, about eleven miles from Wexford.] The loyalists made a most gallant defence, and would have repulsed the rebels, had not the Catholic inhabitants treacherously set fire to the town, to smother the troops who were defending it. Thus circumstanced, the troops were obliged to secure their safety in flight, after having cut off about 500 of the rebels. Here it may not be improper to remark, that the manner in which the rebels attacked their opponents was, by driving before them a great quantity of horses (without any persons on them) and cattle, in order to disorder their ranks.

At about four o'clock this afternoon, no description can give an adequate idea of the scene presented at Wexford. The inhabitants who had escaped from Enniscorthy and its neighbourhood, pushed into the town in crowds, persons of the first fortunes in that part of the country, covered with dust and blood, with their infants in their arms, and their wives clinging behind them; and such women as had not been able to procure a horse or seat with their husbands, endeavoured to keep up with the mob of fugitives, with their children in their arms and others hanging on them: women who, but a few hours before, were in possession of every comfort life could afford. The inhabitants of Wexford, still more terrified by the spectacle now before them, were each endeavouring to secure a birth for their wives and children on board some one of the vessels lying in the harbour, every one of which was soon filled as full as it could hold. The gallant husbands and fathers now returned to their respective parades,
apparently

apparently fortified with a double portion of courage, since the objects of their tenderest care seemed to have been placed in safety. The next morning, Tuesday, May 29, a party of the Donnegal militia arrived, with two pieces of cannon, and brought news that more assistance was advancing; but, about twelve o'clock, we received intelligence that a party of artillery-men, with cannon and howitzers, had been taken by the rebels. Orders were now given that all the fires should be put out, and that such houses as had thatched roofs should be immediately stripped, to prevent the disaffected party from following the example of their associates at Enniscorthy, by setting fire to the town during the time of its being attacked.

On Wednesday, May 30, in the morning the troops (the Donnegal and Cork militia, near 600 in all) went out to meet the rebels, who were now supposed to be 15,000 strong. About three miles from Wexford, at a place called Three Rocks, there was some firing, when the militia, finding them so powerful from numbers and in possession of the artillery taken the day before, retreated to the town.

There were at this time, in the gaol of Wexford, in consequence of an order from Dublin, Mr. Beauchamp Bagnall Harvey, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Colclough, all men of property and of great interest in the county. A council was called, and it was resolved, that it was impossible to defend the town, as the greatest part of the Catholics who had taken up arms had deserted. The proportion of the Catholic inhabitants of Wexford I believe to have been about three to one Protestant; but only about 200 had taken up arms; on the remainder, however, no dependance could be placed. Two gentlemen, Mr. Richards, a counsellor, and Dr. Jacob, a physician, mayor

mayor of the town, were appointed to offer to surrender the town to the rebels, and to endeavour to save the lives of the inhabitants; to which conditions the rebels agreed. In the mean time, the troops, accompanied by all the unmarried yeomen, effected their escape to Duncannon-Fort, about twenty-three miles off.

I now return to what more immediately relates to myself. On Thursday, May 23, three days before the breaking out of the rebellion, my wife was brought to-bed; and, on the Monday following, the day of the battle at Enniscorthy, I thought myself fortunate in being able to remove her with her infant, and place them on board one of the vessels, in which we had no doubt of being safely carried to Wales. In this vessel we continued, on the open deck, with only a sail to cover us, till Wednesday morning, May 20, when, about two o'clock, we saw the toll-house and part of the bridge of Wexford on fire. The town was immediately in an uproar: and, while the cavalry were endeavouring to cut away part of the bridge, to prevent the flames from communicating to the town, the quays, and every avenue leading to the water-side, were crowded with women and children, begging, in the most pitiable manner, to be admitted on board the vessels. But that was impossible; they were already filled in every part.—One young lady in particular, threw herself into the sea, to get on board a small boat that was near the quay, and would have been drowned, had not some men in a boat taken her up: and they were immediately in great danger of losing their lives, owing to the numbers who pressed forward to reach the boat. On seeing the flames, the vessels all weighed and stood towards the mouth of the harbour, where they cast anchor. About one o'clock, a white flag was seen flying in Wexford, (a signal that the rebels were in possession of

of the town,) and the captain of our vessel instantly answered it by another. His example was followed by the rest, except two, which sailed for Wales. They then again weighed anchor, and stood for the town. We now concluded the die was cast, and that we were to be given up to our enemies.—Every entreaty I could urge was strenuously enforced to induce the captain to carry us to Wales, but without effect. With a mind almost distracted I went into the hold, where my wife and her infant were now lodged, to take what I supposed would be a last farewell; but the horror expressed in her emaciated countenance deterred me from communicating all my apprehensions. At length we arrived at the quay, and, with my charge, I was landed on the beach. Which way to turn me I knew not, and every moment expecting that a ball or pike would put an end to my miseries. Towards my own house I was afraid to move, believing that I should be murdered on the way. While I was in this anxious state of suspense, one of their captains, of the name of Furlong, came up to me, and asked me if I belonged to the town, and whether I had any arms: I told him, that, at the house where I had lived, I had a musket. He bid me follow him and give it up. I requested him to protect us through the town, as we had a mile to go to my house, which he promised. We passed through crowds of rebels, who were in the most disorderly state, without the least appearance of discipline. They had no kind of uniform, but were most of them in the dress of labourers, white bands round their hats and green cockades* being the only marks by which they were distinguished. They made a most fantastic appearance,
many

* *Green* has been adopted as an emblem by the Irish rebels, with a reference to the trefoil, or *Shamrock*.

many having decorated themselves with parts of the apparel of ladies, found in houses which they had plundered. Some wore ladies' hats and feathers; others, caps, bonnets, and tippets. From the military which were routed they had also collected some clothing, which added to the motley show. Their arms consisted chiefly of pikes, of an enormous length, the handles of many of them being sixteen or eighteen feet long. Some carried rusty muskets. They were accompanied by great numbers of women shouting and huzzaing for the *Croppies*, and crying, Who now dare say "*Croppies, lie down?*" alluding to a popular song. It was impossible for a mob to be more wild and frantic:—many of them seemed to be in a state of intoxication. The houses first attacked were, the Custom-House, and those of Mr. Lee, the collector, Captain Boyd's, and the Rev. Mr. Millar's. In a short time nothing remained but bare walls. The Catholic inhabitants were unmolested, and numbers of them assisted the rebels, and even seized and delivered up their Protestant neighbours.

Following close the horse of our conductor, I passed safely with my wife and child through this terrible scene to my house. I gave him my musket, and he rode off. My wife laid down on a bed, and I crept under it, thinking to hide myself in case I should be sought for. I had not been in this situation more than ten minutes when I heard my name called, and a sound of feet on the stairs. Presently the door opened, and one Patrick Murphy with six others, all armed, came into the room. This Murphy was a near neighbour of mine, and had always professed a great regard for me. My wife, on seeing him, threw herself off the bed with the child in her arms, and fell on her knees, entreating them to spare me. One of them swore if she did not say where I was, he would blow her brains

brains out. On hearing this, from fear of her being injured, I shewed myself, and was immediately seized and dragged down stairs. My wife begged to be allowed to go along with me; but they told her, if she attempted to follow, they would run her through with their pikes. I left my house, suffering the pangs of a man going to execution, and was conducted to the barracks, near a mile off, through streets filled with creatures who appeared to me more like devils than men.

At the barracks, I was put into a room in which there were about eight others, all expecting soon to be put to death. Every moment some of the rebels, with pikes and pistols in their hands, came in to view us. After remaining in this situation about an hour, one of the rebels, armed with an old bayonet on the end of a pole, asked if there were any bloody Orange-men* or informers there? One of the townsmen pointed me out, on which he made a thrust at my throat, but it was prevented from entering by a thick cushion under my cravat. He then wounded me slightly just below my hip. At that moment, Counsellor Richards, belonging to the town, who had been obliged to join the rebels to save his own life, came into the room with Mr. Bagnall Harvey, and seeing the state I was in, requested him to save me, which Mr. Harvey did by taking me out with him. Which way to go I knew not, and entreated Mr. Richards to convey me to a place of safety. He said he did not know what was best to do with me, but would take me to a Mr. Hughes, at the Foley, a brewery. He accordingly protected me thro'

* An Orange ribbon, from the time of the Revolution, has been the emblem of loyalty and protestantism in Ireland; and every Protestant is now denominated an *Orange man*, from his respect to the memory of K. William III. (Prince of *Orange*,) who rescued Ireland from the dominion of popery and slavery.

thro' the midst of the mob, as we had to go almost two hundred yards from the barracks. Unfortunately, as I entered the house, one of the townsmen saw me, and informed the rest that an Orangeman had secreted himself in that house. I went up a back stair-case, and got into a small room at the top of the house, where a bed was lying upon the ground. Being almost exhausted, I intended to lie down; but had not been above five minutes in the room when I heard persons below searching the house. I opened a window that looked into the garden, and thought to have leaped out, but fortunately saw the tops of some of the rebel-pikes just under me. I should then have crept under the bed, but providentially saw a small door, in the inside of the room, belonging to a cupboard, which was formed by the eaves of the house. I got in, but was forced to sit almost double. Soon my pursuers came into the room; and, not seeing me, were going out again, when one of them called the others back to examine a cupboard he had just observed. I then thought nothing could save me; and if ever living man felt the terrors of death, I did. He opened the door of the cupboard, but, providentially holding his musket slanting, the muzzle pushed into the cupboard, struck against the roof; on which, supposing it empty, without turning his head, he went away. Thus disappointed, I heard them propose to set fire to the house, but that was over-ruled.

In that situation I continued till ten o'clock at night; I then ventured out, and got over the rocks to a place called Maudlin-town, (near a mile from Wexford,) to the house of an old woman of the name of Cole, whom I thought I could trust. I found the house empty, except an old bedstead, with some straw upon it. Being fearful I should be seen if I lay at top, I was forced to get under it, and lay the whole night upon nothing but the

earthen floor. As I ate nothing the whole day, and was almost worn out with exertion and agitation of spirits, I tried to sleep; but terror, for fear the rebels should come in and put me to death, prevented me. People came into the cabin many times during the night, but never looked under the bed. About eight o'clock the next morning (May 31) the old woman, who owned the cabin, came home. She was a Roman Catholic, and I made myself known to her, begging, in the most earnest manner, that she would permit me to remain concealed there till affairs were a little settled. She told me she would as long as she could without danger to herself, and that she would go into town and see how matters went, which she accordingly did; and in about two hours returned, saying, that the insurgents were searching all the houses for Protestants, and committing them to gaol; and farther told me, if I should be found there, that they would kill her, and burn the house, therefore it was necessary I should go to some other place. I thought it prudent to comply. She then gave me some bread and beer, and advised me to try and get among the fields, and lie in the hedges by day, and travel by night.* Accordingly, as every house was shut against me, and I had no friend to fly to for refuge, I got out at her back door, and went about two miles across the country. I met an old woman, and requested her to shew me what road I had better take to effect my escape. She told me it was in vain to attempt it; for that if I did not belong to the rebels, my own brother would betray me. I left her and went on, but soon heard voices behind me, calling on me to stop, and I should have mercy. I turned round, and saw six men advancing with pikes in their hands. They seized me,

and

* She afterwards informed my wife I had not been gone ten minutes when they came searching for me.

and conducted me back to town, and put me into gaol, in which I found about two hundred and twenty Protestants. The gaol is a very strong building, situated at a short distance from the barracks, and so built round with walls that you can see no person whatever pass or repass.

Towards evening, a fellow, of the name of Dick Monk, who had formerly been a shoemaker in the town, but now was raised by the rebels to the rank of a captain, came into the gaol, and bid us prepare our souls for death, for that all of us, except such as upon examination he should release, would be put to death at twelve o'clock that night. The manner of his examining was two-fold; first politically; and then religiously:—the form of his political examination was this:

Quest. Are you straight?

Ans. I am.

Quest. How straight?

Ans. As straight as a rush.

Quest. Go on then.

Ans. In Truth, in Trust, in Unity, and in Liberty.

Quest. What have you got in your hand?

Ans. A green bough.

Quest. Where did it first grow?

Ans. In America.

Quest. Where did it bud?

Ans. In France.

Quest. Where are you going to plant it?

Ans. In the crown of Great Britain.

They then gave each other the hand, but in a way I did not understand. The preceding questions and answers, however, appear to be a part of the *United Irishman's* catechism, by which they know each other.

The

The religious examination was this :—

Quest. Are you a Christian?

If the person answered—Yes, he was required to cross himself, and say the Ave Maria. If he could do this, in the Roman Catholic manner, and go through the other form, then he was acquitted.

I believe Monk, after having gone through this two-fold examination with several persons, selected six to be saved, and took them with him out of the prison.—The situation of us that remained can better be imagined than described. We all went directly to prayer, and spent the night in the most horrid suspense. No one, however, came near us that night: the next morning, June 1, some potatoes and water were brought us, which proved a very seasonable relief.

On the Sunday following, June 3, a man of the name of Murphy, by trade a labourer, but who had been an evidence against some of the United Irishmen at the previous Assizes, (tho' none of them suffered) was taken up by the rebels, and condemned to die.

On Monday morning, June 4, about nine o'clock, John Gurly one of the prisoners, came to me. "Jackson," said he, "the Lord have mercy upon you! you are called to go into the yard with my brother Jonas, and "Kinneith Mathews."* The words had such an effect on me, that my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; for I thought I was called to be executed. The gaoler came in and took us into the yard, where was one Ed. Fraine, a tanner, who lived in John-street, and was supposed to make by his trade 300*l.* a year. There were also many other persons belonging to the town. Fraine was captain

* Jonas Gurly was a hatter, and Mathews a toll-gatherer of the bridge of Wexford.

of the rebel-guard for the day. As soon as I came out, he said, "Mr. Jackson, I believe you know what we want of you."—I answered "Yes, I supposed I was going to die." I then fell upon my knees, begging, that, if that was the case, I might be allowed to see my wife and child. He swore that I should not; that I was not then going to die, but that a man was to die at six o'clock that evening, and that he did not know any more proper to execute him than me and the two others. He added, "I suppose you can have no objection, as he is a Roman Catholic?"—"Why, Sir," said I, "should I have no objection to commit murder?"—"You need not talk," replied he, "about murder: if you make any objections, you shall be put to death in ten minutes; but, if you do your business properly, you may live two or three days longer; so I expect you three will be ready at six o'clock this evening."—Another came up, and said, "Mr. Jackson, if you could get a few Orange ribbons to tie round your neck at the time of the execution, it would, I think, have a very pretty appearance; and at the same time, I have a couple of balls much at your service when it is over, as I think it is a pity you should get no return for the favour you confer."—We were then carried back to our cells, and spent the day in prayer till six o'clock, at which time, being brought to the great door, we found the prisoner Murphy, with nearly a thousand men about him.—The procession went in the following order. A large body of pike-men, who were formed into a hollow square. A black flag. Then the drums and fifes. Murphy the condemned man next, followed by me, with Gurly and Mathews behind me. As soon as this arrangement was made, the Dead March was struck up, and beat from the gaol to the place of execution, which was a mile and an half off, on the other side

side of the bridge, on a wide strand. The procession passed by my house. When I came opposite to it, I was so much affected as almost to faint; some water was brought me, and I proceeded. As soon as we reached the destined spot, all the rebels, with their arms in their hands, knelt down, and prayed for about five minutes. This I understood was because the victim was a Roman Catholic. An order was then given to form a half-circle, with an opening to the water. The poor man was directed to kneel down, with his back to the water, and his face towards us, which he did, with his hands clasped. I requested to be allowed to tie my cravat round his eyes. They told me not to be too nice about the matter; for in a few minutes, it would be my own case. The muskets were then called for; but it was suggested, if they gave us three muskets, we might turn and fire at them; on which it was settled, that we should fire one at a time. The first appointed to fire was Mathews, and it was remarkable the piece missed fire three times. During this time, the countenance of the condemned man exhibited such an appearance of inexpressible terror as will never be effaced from my memory. The man who owned the musket was *darned*, and asked—What sort of piece was that to carry to a field of battle? A common sporting-gun was then brought, and fired by Mathews, and the ball hit the poor man in the arm. I was next called upon; and suspecting that I should not fire at their object, but turn upon them, two men advanced, one on each side of me, and held cocked pistols to my head, two also stood behind me with cavalry-swords, threatening me with instant death, if I missed the mark. I fired; and the poor man fell dead: after which, Gurly was obliged to fire at the prostrate body. When it was over, a proposal was made that I should wash my hands

in

in his blood; but this was over-ruled; and they said, as I had done my business well, I should go back. A ring was now formed round us, and a song in honour of the Irish republic was sung to the tune of "*God save the King!*" This dreadful business had taken up about three hours, when we were marched back to the gaol.

Two days passed without my being particularly noticed; but during that period, many prisoners were taken out, a few at a time: and being carried to the camp, were piked. On the day that information was received of the rebels being defeated at Ross, to revenge the loss, fifteen of the Wexford, and ten of the Enniscorthy people, were ordered out of the gaol. When this notice was given, I ran into my cell, got upon my knees in a dark corner and pulled some straw over me; but a man of the name of Prendergast, came in and drew me out, uttering shocking threats against me. He dragged me into the yard, where I found my unhappy comrades upon their knees. One of them, who had been a Protestant, but had become a Catholic, and who was now imprisoned on a charge of being an Orange-man, requested to have the priest with him before he died. This was immediately granted: and a messenger was sent to Father Curren, the Roman-Catholic Parish-priest of Wexford. He presently came; and to give effect to his admonition and intercession, had dressed himself in his cowl, and bore a crucifix in his hand: He held up the crucifix, and all present fell on their knees. He exhorted them in the most earnest manner; he conjured them, as they hoped for mercy, to shew it: he made every possible exertion to save the lives of all the prisoners: but it was in vain. He said, he could witness that the Wexford people had never fired upon them or done them any injury; and that he could not again say mass to them if they persisted in their cruel resolutions.

solutions. At last he influenced them so far as to prevail upon them to return into the gaol the fifteen Wexford men; but, for those from Enniscorthy, he could obtain no remission.

With hearts overflowing with gratitude to the Almighty, we went back to our confinement, and in that state remained, every day seeing more prisoners brought in, and others taken out to be massacred, each of us apprehending it would next be his lot. On Wednesday, June 20, about eight o'clock in the morning, we heard the drums beat to arms and the town-bell ring, which was a sure sign to us of our friends being near; but, at the same time, we expected we should be cut off before they could arrive and release us. In this terrible state of suspense we remained till four o'clock in the afternoon, when we heard a horrid noise at the gate, and a demand of the prisoners. Eighteen or twenty were immediately taken out; and in about half an hour, the rebels returned for more victims. In the whole they took out ninety-eight.—Those who were last called out were seventeen in number. Mr. Daniel and Mr. Robinson, both gaugers; Mr. Atkins, a tide-waiter; Mathews and Gurly, who were with me at the execution of Murphy; and myself, were included, in this lot. The moment Mathews put his head out of the gaol, he was shot dead, which I believe would have been the fate of us all, had not a Mrs. Dixon, (wife to a man who kept a public house in the town, and who had been made a captain by the rebels,) when Mathews fell immediately advanced, and desired they would desist, as they ought to allow the people on the bridge *the pleasure of seeing us*. We were accordingly marched to the bridge. When we came in sight of the people assembled there to witness the executions, they almost rent the air with shouts and exultations. I and
my

my sixteen fellow-prisoners knelt down in a row. The blood of those who had been already executed on this spot (eighty-one in number) had more than stained, it streamed upon, the ground about us. They first began the bloody tragedy by taking out Mr. Daniels, who, the moment he was touched with their pikes, sprang over the battlements of the bridge into the water, where he was shot. Mr. Robinson was the next; he was piked to death. The manner of piking was, by two of the rebels pushing their pikes into the front of the victim, while two others pushed pikes into his back, and in this state (writhing with torture) he was suspended aloft on the pikes till dead; he was then thrown over the bridge into the water.—They ripped open the belly of poor Mr. Atkins; and in that condition, he ran several yards; when falling on the side of the bridge he was piked. Thus they proceeded, till they came to Gurly, who was next to me. At that moment, one of them came up to me, and asked me if I would have a priest. I felt my death to be certain, and I answered "No." He then pulled me by the collar; but was desired to wait till Gurly was finished. While they were torturing him, General Roach rode up in great haste, and bid them beat to arms, informing them Vinegar-hill camp was beset, and that reinforcements were wanting. This operated like lightning upon them; they all instantly quitted the bridge, and left Mr. O'Connor, an organist; Mr. Hamilton, the bailiff of the town; and myself, on our knees. The mob (consisting of more women than men) which had been spectators of this dreadful scene, also instantly dispersed in every direction, supposing the King's troops were at hand. We were so stupified by terror that we remained for some time in this posture, without making the least effort to escape. The rebel-guard soon came to

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us, and took us back to the gaol; telling us, that we should not escape longer than the next day, when neither man, woman or child, of the Protestants should be left alive. But it pleased God to prevent their dreadful intention from being carried into effect, by giving success to his Majesty's arms.

We entered the gaol with hearts overflowing with gratitude to the Great Creator for our late wonderful preservation. For the arrival of the troops we looked, with some hope and extreme anxiety, the whole night, till about five o'clock in the morning, when we heard the joyful sound of cannon. Our agitation increased: one moment expecting the troops to arrive, and the next that we might on the instant be put to death; when about eleven o'clock, the turnkey came to us, to inform us that we might walk out into the large yard. He addressed us by the title of Gentlemen, from which we were assured that some great alteration had taken place: but we suppressed our feelings, lest the news which influenced them might not be true. About three o'clock, the captain of the rebel-guard, a Mr. Murphy, came in and addressed Major Savage, one of the prisoners, offering him the keys of the gaol, and arms for us all, if he would admit some of the rebels into the gaol, and strive to save them from that fate their own consciences told them they so richly deserved. This Murphy kept an earthen-ware shop on the quay at Wexford. His offer was instantly accepted by all, and accordingly we obtained the arms of those who a few minutes before were guarding us. The rebels now changed situations with us, and, as agreed upon, were locked up by Major Savage, who brought all of us who had muskets to the iron rails on each side of the great prison-door. Here we stood determined to conquer or die if attacked. About five o'clock

o'clock we had the heartfelt gratification of seeing the gallant Captain Boyd, accompanied by eight of his own corps, riding full gallop through the town: but not a rebel was there to be found. All the green boughs were immediately torn from the windows; and "Liberty and Equality," which before were conspicuous on every door, were now no where to be seen. Captain Boyd was member of parliament for the town of Wexford, and colonel of the Wexford cavalry. He recommended to us not to leave the gaol at present, as the troops expected in town, might suppose us their enemies. This precaution proved not to be necessary, for the troops were encamped a mile short of the town, and orders issued by the generals, that no man should be put to death unless he had been tried and condemned by a court-martial. In about an hour after Captain Boyd left us, two companies of the Queen's Royals arrived, and, giving three cheers, set us at liberty.

Reprieved criminals only can have experienced such feelings as ours on being released. The scene that followed no pen can describe. Women running in every direction towards the gaol, trembling for the fate of their relatives who had been imprisoned. Wives seeking for their husbands, mothers for their sons, sisters, brothers, and children for their fathers. The ecstasy of those who discovered their friends, and the distraction of others who had lost their dearest connexions, cannot be imagined. The gallant soldiers, who were witnesses of what passed, though now accustomed to distressing spectacles, could not refrain from shedding tears or joining in the exultations. In some instances, the wife seeing her husband, would rush into his arms, and overwhelm him with caresses. But, on enquiring for a brother, learned he was no more! One instance I cannot refrain mentioning. A woman of
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the name of Smith, whose husband was a hatter, and brother-in-law to Gurly who suffered on the bridge, came with her seven children to the cell where I had been confined to inquire for her husband. He was put to death the night before: While she heard his fate, she saw his hat lying on the ground. She seized it, and the children clung to it with shrieks and screams till she fainted away, and was carried off, followed by her weeping babes. But to relate the particulars of that never-to-be-forgotten day, would fill a volume. I will not attempt to say more, than that, in the midst of such a scene as I have mentioned, my wife, with her infant, appeared before me. The sensations of both left us no power of utterance. She saw me, as it were, restored to life, and I had remained totally ignorant of her fate. We had been separated three weeks and two days: during which time I was in expectation of death; and she had lingered with scarcely a gleam of hope that I should escape. My infant I had scarcely contemplated a moment in peace since its birth.

We quitted a spot become horrid to me, and went to the place where I once had a comfortable home. The house was standing, uninjured; but every thing belonging to me had been destroyed, even to my working-tools, within half an hour after the time I was first taken to gaol. A lady in the neighbourhood humanely afforded us an asylum, and once more we sat down in safety.

Before night, many persons who had joined the rebels, but still remained in the town, were taken up, and committed to gaol. The next day a military court-martial was assembled, composed of one general officer and six colonels, from different regiments. Never were trials carried on more impartially than those which now took place. Every man who gave evidence, was examined upon

upon oath, and the prisoners were allowed to call whom they required in their justification. The trial of Mr. Bagnall Harvey lasted near eight hours, though it was universally known that he had acted as commander-in-chief of the rebels.

As Mr. Harvey stood in so conspicuous a situation among the rebels, I naturally imagine my story will render a short account of him interesting. He was son of a Protestant clergyman who bore a most respectable character; and in fact his whole family were universally and deservedly beloved. He possessed a good estate in the county of Wexford; and having been called to the bar, was usually called Counsellor Harvey. He was a man of almost the lowest stature, thin, and his visage long, with very plain features. In his eyes there was something expressive. His private character was much respected. Nothing occasioned more astonishment among the generality of the inhabitants of Wexford than when the order came from Dublin to take him up; but his future conduct sufficiently proved how accurately Government was in its information. The first time I saw Mr. Harvey, after the rebels had taken possession of the town, was, at the time I was carried a prisoner to the barracks, where I saw him and General Roach, taking possession of the king's stores, and endeavouring to reduce the infatuated unruly mob, of which he was nominal commander, to some degree of order. Mr. Harvey wore his ordinary cloaths, with the addition of silver epaulets; but, when I saw him, he had no arms, except a pistol, which he carried in his hand. He appeared to me to be about forty years of age.

Edward Roach, who was appointed general, was a middling country farmer near Wexford; and, before the rebellion, was permanent serjeant in Colonel Le Hunte's corps

corps of Yeomen-cavalry. He was not much taller than Bagnall Harvey, but a great deal more corpulent, and about forty years old. He wore common-coloured cloaths; which were, a snuff-coloured coat, black waist-coat, corduroy small-cloaths, and a round hat; but, for distinction, he had two most enormous gold epaulets, and a silk sash and belt, in which he carried a large pair of horse-pistols; and he wore a sword by his side. Indeed I never saw any thing like a uniform among them, except upon Dick Monk the shoe-black, who, shortly after his appointment to the rank of captain, had a light-horseman's jacket of green, made with silver-lace cross-banded in front; pantaloons to match, with silver seams; and a green helmet-cap, with a white ostrich-feather across the top.

The whole of the rebels, as I have observed before, wore white bands round their hats. Some of a higher order had the Irish harp drawn in gold leaf upon a green ground, encircled with the words "*Erin go braugh!*" signifying "Ireland for ever!" Others, of a more desperate turn, had a broad green ribbon bound entirely round their hats, with "Liberty and Equality," in large silver letters in the front. So great was their veneration for the green colour, that the women were obliged to have ribbons, and many of them neck-handkerchiefs, of that colour; while on the other hand, their antipathy to orange colour was so great, that Colonel Le Hunte nearly lost his life, owing to his having a fire-screen and the furniture of a room trimmed with that colour.

Mr. Keughe, who was made by the rebels governor of Wexford, was originally a drummer in his Majesty's army, (I believe in the 33d regiment,) and during the American war, had been advanced from that station to the rank of Captain. He had quitted the army, and actually received

received half-pay at the time the rebellion broke out; was about fifty-four years of age, rather above the middle size, and might be called a well-looking man. His head was quite bald in the front, and he wore his hair, which was remarkably white, tied behind. He had very much the appearance and manner of a gentleman, was married to a very handsome woman, much younger than himself, had no children, and was comfortably situated in a very good house in George's-street, Wexford. When the rebellion broke out, on Whit-Sunday, on the alarm being given, he volunteered in one of the yeomanry corps, and was actually employed the evening of that day, in establishing fortifications to repulse the insurgents; and on the day following, he was appointed to command a party of volunteers, which was to guard one of the entrances to the town; yet, on the rebels taking possession of the town, he joined them, and was appointed chief-governor, and continued in that situation till his Majesty's troops obtained possession of it. Numbers of prisoners who had been seized in the country were carried before him officially, previous to their being committed to gaol.

Having described the three principal officers among the rebels, I shall add a short account of Mr. Colclough and of Mr. Grogan, both men of property in the county of Wexford.

Mr. Colclough was, in stature, of a full middle size; had rather a long visage, and wore his own hair, which was of a sandy colour, tied behind. He was about thirty years of age, of a chearful aspect, and polite manners.

Mr. Cornelius Grogan was a gentleman of, I believe, near sixty years of age, and was considered to be one of the richest men in the county. He resided at a place called Johnstown, near three miles from Wexford, where he had a very large estate, some hundred acres of which
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were inclosed in a deer-park. He bore an exceeding good character among his tenantry; but was always thought to be of a retired and remarkably near disposition. He had never been known to take an active part in political matters, but passed most of his time in trying mechanical experiments, and was esteemed to be very ingenious. He had two younger brothers, each of whom was colonel of a corps of yeomen, and of approved loyalty. One of them was killed charging the rebels at the head of his corps; and the other was wounded in a like situation. In person he was of the middle size, and had a morose countenance.

I shall now, before I continue my journal of proceedings after the town was retaken, relate some particulars of what passed during the time of our confinement in gaol, while the power of the rebels continued to be undisturbed.

Lest any apprehensions of the arrival of English troops should have any effect on the minds of the rebels, they were constantly informed that England was exactly in the same state as Ireland; that three counties had already risen in rebellion, and, on that account, not a single man of the King's troops could possibly be spared. They seemed likewise to place great dependance upon the Scotch troops, and hoped if they came to an action together, the Scotch would immediately come over to them; and one day a report was confidently spread, that two Scotch regiments had shot their officers, and joined the rebels in the county of Kildare. To keep up the spirits of these deluded men, assertions were daily made of victories having been gained over the King's troops. One day, a rebel came into the gaol, and told me, that Dublin could not hold out a week longer, that it was crowded with inhabitants, and there were but a few days provision in the town, which was so surrounded, that no supply could be received.

received. I asked, if the town might not be supplied by sea? That, he replied, was also impossible, as the mouth of the harbour was blocked up by their armed boats.

Notwithstanding the care that was thus hourly taken to impress on the minds of the rebels every motive to keep them together, and to render them subservient to some order, it proved to be impossible. About a week after the rebels had got possession of the town of Wexford, the first attack upon Ross was made, and the rebels were defeated. In the retreat, between three and four hundred of the country-people, belonging to a part of the county of Wexford called the Barony of Forth, had, instead of proceeding to the camp appointed for them, gone to their own homes, it may be supposed heartily tired of a life of uncertainty and hardship. During the time they were in possession of the county of Wexford, they had been obliged to lie in the open air, without any thing over or under them, except some few substitutes for tents, made with the ticking of beds or such kinds of plunder as they chanced to collect. They had no pay, and their supply of provisions was quite uncertain; some days having beef and mutton in such quantities, that they could not make use of it, but threw it about the fields, where it became putrid; at other times having scarcely any thing to eat. Women swarmed in their camp, and they had always plenty of spirituous liquor. All the blind fiddlers and pipers in the county were with them; and they had drums and fifes, many of which they had found in the barracks of the North-Cork Militia. The weather in the month of June proved to be uncommonly warm and dry, or great numbers of this exposed mob must have perished by disorders. It was said among them, and foolishly believed, that there would be no wet weather till they had

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conquered

conquered Ireland, and that the great drought was ordained by God to prevent their suffering in the open air. Still as I have observed, on the first check at Ross, parties began to fall off, which caused General Roach to issue a proclamation to the following effect, which was circulated through the county, and pasted up in our gaol :

“ Dear Fellow-Citizens,

“ THE world with astonishment beholds, and future
 “ ages will record, the wonderful and brilliant victories
 “ achieved by men almost wholly unacquainted of military
 “ tactics, and hardly able to find men to lead them on
 “ to conquer. But what force is there can withstand
 “ the arms of citizens fighting for liberty !—You see,
 “ that, by our exertions, almost the whole county is in
 “ our possession. Yet but a few more struggles, and the
 “ day is our own. Your brethren in different parts of
 “ the kingdom have only been waiting for the signal, and
 “ you will soon see them flocking to the standard of
 “ liberty by thousands. Unanimity is what I have chiefly
 “ to recommend to you, with subordination and speedy
 “ obedience to the commands of your officers, by which
 “ means you will ensure success, and soon will see the
 “ downfall of that government which has long been tot-
 “ tering under the weight of its own crimes and
 “ enormities, and under the torture and burthen of which
 “ you have so long groaned.

“ But, at the same time, let me beg of you to
 “ be particular in your conduct towards your prisoners.
 “ Remember, numbers whom you may have in your
 “ possession may not be guilty through principle, but
 “ through necessity. Remember, that many have been
 “ forced

"forced to appear against us, for the sake of getting
 "their bread, when their hearts have been with us.
 "Remember, that this is not a war for religion, but
 "for liberty; that there are a great number of great men,
 "who are Protestants, who wish well to the cause in
 "which we are engaged. Let the Speech of the Pro-
 "testant bishop of Down, in the Irish House of Lords,
 "when the famous Roman Catholic Bill was sent in,
 "never be forgotten, but sink deep in all your breasts."—
 [Then followed a quotation, which I decline giving, lest
 I may make some mistakes; but it will be easily found by
 referring to the debates in the Irish House of Lords when
 that bill was before the House.]

(Signed)

"EDWARD ROACH,"

"General of the United Army of the
 "county of Wexford, fighting in
 "the cause of liberty.

"Vinegar-Hill Camp."

Mr. Harvey, as commander-in-chief, at the same time
 issued a proclamation, of which the following is a literal
 copy:

"At

“ At a Meeting of the General and several Officers of
 “ the United Army of the County of Wexford, the
 “ following Resolutions have been agreed upon :

“ RESOLVED,

“ THAT the commander-in-chief shall send guards to
 “ certain baronies, for the purpose of bringing in all
 “ those they shall find lurking and delaying at home or
 “ elsewhere; and if any resistance be given to those
 “ guards so to be sent by the commanding-officer's orders,
 “ it is our desire and orders that such persons, so giving
 “ resistance, shall be liable to be put to *death* by the
 “ guards, who are to bear a commission for the purpose;
 “ and all such persons so to be found loitering and delay-
 “ ing at home, when brought in by the guards, shall be
 “ tried by a court-martial appointed and chosen from
 “ amongst the commanders of all the different corps, and
 “ not to depart therefrom, under pain of death, unless
 “ authorised to quit by written orders from the com-
 “ mander-in-chief for that purpose.

“ It is also ordered, that a guard shall be kept at the
 “ rear of the different armies, with orders to shoot all
 “ persons who shall fly or desert from any engagement;
 “ and that these orders be taken notice of by all the
 “ officers commanding in such engagements.

“ All men refusing to obey their superior officers, to
 “ be tried by a court-martial, and punished according to
 “ their sentenc.

“ It is ordered, that all men who shall leave their re-
 “ spective quarters, when they have been halted by the
 “ commander-

“ commander-in-chief, shall suffer death, unless they have
 “ leave from their officers for so doing.

“ It is ordered by the commander-in-chief, that all
 “ persons, who shall have stolen or taken away any
 “ horses, shall immediately bring in such horses to the
 “ camp at head-quarters ; otherwise, any horse that shall
 “ be seen or found in the possession of any person to whom
 “ he does not belong, shall, on being convicted thereof,
 “ suffer death ; and any person or persons, who shall
 “ take upon them to *kill or murder* any person or persons,
 “ *burn any house*, or commit any plunder, *without special*
 “ *written orders from the commander-in-chief*, shall suffer
 “ death.

“ Head-quarters, Carrick-Byrne Camp,

“ June 6, 1798.

“ By Order of B. B. HARVEY, commander-

“ in-chief,

“ FRANCIS BRIEN, Sec. and Adj.

Of the necessity there was for their rulers recommending a spirit of moderation, such as is expressed in some parts of the foregoing proclamation, the reader will judge from the following circumstances. The day before the proclamation was issued, seventy-five protestants had been shut up in a barn together, at Scullabogue, about eleven miles from Wexford, and the barn was set on fire. Some of the miserable sufferers endeavoured to escape through a small window in the side of the barn, but were received on the points of the rebel-pikes, and forced back into the flames. All of them thus perished. That the admonition

tion produced no effect, was proved, as the most dreadful cruelties and murders were committed in Wexford after this period.

I do not believe that this cruel deed was in consequence of any order from any of the rebellious commanders, but was an act of the mob. On the contrary, from what I saw while I was in confinement, or could learn, I think myself bound to say, that it is my opinion that such of the rebel-chiefs, as had been in respectable situations, detested the system of murder and robbery, which was as universally adopted by the upstart officers and unruly mob, over whom they had little more than a nominal command. Let it then be a warning to men in high situations, how they tamper with, and bring into action, the turbulent dispositions of bad men, and afford them an opportunity, as was here the case, of directing the passions and working on the prejudices of low and ignorant people.

It may appear almost ridiculous to mention some instances of the extreme credulity and folly of the mob; but, as the most terrible consequences often proceed from it, they become interesting.

Colonel Le Hunte, who is possessed of a large estate in the county of Wexford, has an elegant mansion at Artramont, on the river Slaney, about four miles from Wexford. He was colonel of a corps of yeomen-cavalry, and near sixty years of age. On the morning of the day the rebellion broke out, he was left with only eight Protestants, who were his domestics or tenants, the rest of his corps having deserted to the rebels. When the town was taken, he, with his wife and daughter, sought an asylum in the house of Mrs. Parker, mother of Captain Parker, of the Royal Navy, who lost his life gallantly fighting for his country. She lived in George's-street, and

and had not been much molested. There Colonel Le Hunte was permitted to remain: but not till he and his family had been baptized in the Catholic-chapel, after the Roman-Catholic form.

About ten days before the King's troops arrived, Mrs. Dixon, (wife to the publican, who, as I have mentioned before, had been appointed captain of the rebels,) went to the Colonel's house at Artramont, to see the person who was then the inhabitant, and who had formerly been a servant maid in the Colonel's family. This woman was now so certain of being left in possession of the house, that, when Mrs. Le Hunte, a lady of the most amiable character and who had been always remarkably generous and kind to her servants, went to beg some of her own linen, she replied, "she had a great deal of impudence to expect it; for what business had she there?" "Sure she knew that neither the house, or any thing in it, was any longer her property." At last, she yielded to the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Le Hunte, so far as to consent that she should take away a small trunk, which contained a few changes of linen, upon condition that she never would come near the house again. Mrs. Le Hunte then begged that one of the horses might be yoked to a cart, to carry the trunk to Wexford; but this was refused; and she was obliged, with her own hands, assisted by her daughter, a young lady of seventeen years of age, to put a mule to the cart, and to drive it themselves to the town, to Mrs. Parker's, in George's-street.

During the visit at Artramont, Mrs. Dixon went into the drawing-room, in which there happened to be orange furniture, and two orange silk fire-screens, painted with emblematical figures. She immediately spread the alarm
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that she had, at last, discovered where the Orange-men held their Lodge, and had actually found their colours. The figure of Hope, leaning upon an anchor, she said, signified their intention of burning the sailors with red-hot anchors: Vulcan and the Cyclops shewed the manner in which little children were to be burned: and Justice with her eyes blindfolded, was to signify, that before they were burned, their eyes would be put out. This strange explanation spread like wild-fire, and in a short time, the whole town of Wexford was alarmed, and the people went out in a body to meet Mrs. Dixon, who came riding upon a horse, with the two fire-screens borne before her. In this form, the mob roaring and shouting in the most horrid manner, they proceeded to Mrs. Parker's, where Colonel Le Hunte resided. They instantly seized and dragged him into the street, and a thousand voices at once cried out to have his blood. They stripped him of his coat and hat, and were hurrying him to the place of execution. At this critical moment, Father Broe, a Roman Catholic priest, appeared; and forcing his way through the crowd, came up to the Colonel, and declared to those nearest him, that he should not be put to death, till he had been taken to the gaol and tried. To this, by the most strenuous exertions, he at last prevailed upon them to consent. When the mob heard that he was carried to the gaol, they concluded that he was to be executed, and a party of them ran to the door of it, shouting as if they would rend the skies. Instantly the gaoler came and locked us who were imprisoned all into our wards. We now thought that Ross was taken, that nothing could withstand them, and that they were come to sacrifice us. Their shouts became louder, and the knocking to be admitted more violent.

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I believe that, except the horrible transactions in France, such a scene was never beheld. At one moment we might have been seen on our knees, with deadly horror in our countenance ; at another, all flocking to a corner of the passage before the cells, determined to die together. The next moment we thought the opposite corner more secure ; and before we could reach it we fled in confusion, supposing the mob had broken in. Men of sixty years of age were drowned in tears, some almost stupified.

The furious multitude had indeed got admision into the large yard of the gaol, with their devoted victim, who was almost exhausted. It was with the utmost difficulty the priest could prevent his being piked to death before he reached the gaol, and he had actually received two wounds in his back from their pikes, while on his way, though they had not entered far enough to do him much injury. When he came into the yard, they placed him against the wall, telling him to prepare his soul, as he had but five minutes to live, and one of them took out a watch to see when the time would be expired. Father Broe, seeing nothing else could save him, advanced and threw his arms about him, and told them to fire as soon as they chose it. This had the desired effect, upon Mr. Broe assuring them, that, if they would leave him till the next morning in the gaol, and then try him, if he was really guilty he would no more interfere. This being settled, the Colonel was put into a place called the condemned cell, which is a stone vault, with iron doors, and no light but what comes through another cell. Here he was left by himself, without straw to lie upon, or any thing else in the cell, except a quantity of old iron bolts, which had been made for criminals who had been executed. He had not been here long when a wretch,

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of the name of White, who had, before the rebellion, been committed to gaol for robbery; but, with the rest of the criminals, was released by the rebels, at the time they obtained possession of the town, came to him, and said, "Le Hante, are you a Christian?" To which the colonel returned no answer. The next day he was tried on the charge of the fire-screens, and was acquitted; but was sentenced to remain in gaol, where he continued till the King's troops arrived. At the time he was seized, Mrs. Parker and the Colonel's family escaped from her house thro' a back-window, and did not return to it till the town was retaken.

So dreadful were my reflexions at times while I was in the gaol, and the horror of my mind so great, from apprehensions for my wife and child, and the constant expectation of being taken out and cruelly murdered; as to produce the most settled despair. This rose to such a pitch, that, one day, in conjunction with a fellow sufferer, after we had consulted together as to the easiest mode of putting an end to our miseries, we agreed to bleed ourselves to death by opening a vein, and sharpened a knife upon a stone for that purpose. We knelt down to pray before we committed the act, when it pleased God that our minds became softened, and we felt a ray of hope, which prevented us from completing our criminal and horrid purpose.

I cannot forbear to add a few instances of brutality, which one could hardly expect but from a Robespierre. My wife had been able to procure a bottle of tea and a bit of mutton from a female acquaintance, to take to the gaol,
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* This thief, being an United Irishman, was thus commencing their string of interrogatories, as given before.—See p. 10.

in hopes of conveying it to me. When the rebel-guard at the door understood it was intended for me, they broke the bottle, and took away the meat.

A few days afterwards, my wife, with the child in her arms, came to the gaol door, and begged, in the most earnest manner, to be admitted to see me. One, more compassionate than the rest, came and called me out, telling me I should see my wife and child. I flew towards them for a last look, and to desire my wife, after my death, to come to London to my mother; but just as I got to the end of the passage, and saw them standing at the door, some of the infernal wretches pointed their pikes at me, and swore horribly that, if I advanced a step farther, they would run me through.—What my sensations were, on being forced back, may be easily conceived!

Another day, my wife went to the house of Dr. Jacob, to request him to inform her what he thought would be the fate of the prisoners. On coming out again, with the child in her arms, she was met by one of the rebels, who had a musket in his hand. He asked her, for what purpose she had been to Dr. Jacob?—She answered, to beg him, if he could, to protect her. He replied, that she lied; that she had been to speak about her husband; and pointing the musket at her, swore he would have her life. Some women who were present caught hold of his arm, and bid him not set his wit against a woman. He answered, that if ever he met her again, he would have her life and that of the child. From that time, when obliged to go out, she always left the child by itself, and borrowed an old cloak to disguise herself.

The next proclamation was issued the 9th day of June,
of which the following is a copy :

“PROCLAMATION

“*Of the People of the County Wexford.*

“WHEREAS it stands manifestly notorious that
“JAMES BOYD, HAWTRY WHITE, HUNTER
“GOWAN, and ARCHIBALD HAMILTON JACOB,
“late magistrates of the county, have committed the
“most horrid acts of cruelty, violence and oppression
“against our peaceable and well-affected countrymen :
“Now, WE, THE PEOPLE, associated and united
“for the purpose of procuring our just rights, and
“being determined to protect the persons and pro-
“perties of those of all religious persuasions who have
“not oppressed us, and are willing with heart and
“hand to join our glorious cause, as well as to shew
“our marked disapprobation and horror of the crimes
“of the above delinquents, do call on our countrymen
“at large to use every exertion in their power to appre-
“hend the bodies of the aforesaid JAMES BOYD, &c. &c.
“and to secure and convey them to the gaol of
“Wexford, to be brought before the TRIBUNAL
“OF THE PEOPLE.

“Done at Wexford, this 9th day of June, 1798.

“GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.”

The

The persons mentioned in this proclamation were gentlemen of most respectable characters. Mr. Boyd was captain of the Wexford cavalry, and member of parliament for that town; and had always been distinguished as a good commander and an active magistrate. Mr. Gowan was also a justice of peace, and lived on the borders of the county, where he acted in his magisterial capacity with such vigilance, as to be looked up to as a protector by all good men, and was in an equal degree dreaded by the profligate. Mr. Jacob was chief magistrate of Enniscorthy, and captain of the Enniscorthy yeomen-cavalry, and was universally respected for his upright conduct. Mr. White was also a magistrate, and captain of a corps of yeomen-cavalry in the interior part of the county. He had been active in endeavouring to bring back the poor deluded people to a sense of their duty, by shewing them the folly and danger of rebellious proceedings. Indeed I may add, that to him it may be ascribed, that the rebellion did not become more general. The grounds I have for this assertion are as follow:—A clergyman of the church of England, of the name of Owen, at the time the town of Gorey was taken by the rebels, became their prisoner. They put on his head a cap filled with pitch and Spanish flies, stripped him of his cloaths, and after covering him with the rags of a labourer, forced him to shew his head at a window, for the amusement of the mob, who were called upon to look at *the Devil*. They afterwards obliged him, with thirteen other persons, to walk bare-footed from Gorey to Wexford, which is twenty-four miles, on as hot a day as I can remember; and when he occasionally halted, from extreme pain, caused by his tender feet being cut by the gravel, the rebels would prick him

him with their pikes, to urge him forward. In this miserable condition, he, with his distressed comrades, were brought to the gaol of Wexford. The day after, a very gentle man, who appeared to be one of the rebel-officer, came into the gaol-yard, and called for Mr. Owen, and expressed much concern on seeing him in that situation; and assured him, that had he been with the party, Mr. Owen should not have suffered as he had done; that he might send to his family, and order any thing he stood in need of, which they could supply him with. He then began a discourse relative to the rebellion. He told Mr. Owen, that in fact it had broke out too soon by two months; that the other counties were not in so forward a state of preparation as was intended; and that in the county of Wexford, the insurgents would not have risen at the time they did, had not the exertions of the magistrates, and particularly Mr. Hawtry White, rendered it necessary for them to declare their purpose. That a few days before they appeared in a hostile form, Mr. Hawtry White sent for him, and informed him, that it was well known that he belonged to the United Irishmen, and had great influence among those of the county of Wexford; and added, that if he did not, within three days, deliver up,

* As a proof of this, some days before the arrival of the King's troops, an order came from the rebels in the county of Kilkenny, for six thousand pikes and pike-handles, to be made in Wexford, for their use. To expedite this business, Thomas Richards, a Protestant blacksmith, was taken out of the gaol to which he had been committed, and sent to work, to assist in completing this order, and the timber for the pike-handles were on the saw-pits at the time the King's troops entered Wexford. Benches for the carpenters to work at, were placed round the bull-ring, which is a sort of square, that it might be seen the workmen did not lose any time.

up, or cause to be delivered up, the arms that were concealed among the country people, he should certainly be committed to gaol.—“I then,” said the gentleman, “knew it was either death or liberty; I chose glorious liberty, and the issue you well know.” From this it appears, that the vigilance and exertions, which by some have been most unjustly called rigour, saved Ireland from as dreadful anarchy as ever nation groaned under. The multitudes which were collected in the district of Wexford will enable us to judge of the numbers which might have been brought forth in other counties; and, perhaps, if more time had been given them, they would have been better disciplined. In short, it is very probable, if the rebellion had been postponed a few months, Ireland would have been lost. Four better magistrates, and I believe, better men, than Messrs Boyd, Gowan, Jacob and White, could not be found in the county; and their services to the public, on this occasion, will I trust never be forgotten by those who respect peace, order and security, and are attached to the King and Constitution.

Whatever might have been the real views of the politicians whose harangues and writings tended to produce this dreadful rebellion, which professedly, they denominate reform, toleration, &c. the very reverse would have been the effect of it. The intolerant prejudices of the Catholics, it was soon proved, had no bounds. The extinction of the protestant religion was the favourite idea of the great mass of the rebels, and their strongest motive to action. Reform was never thought of by them,* nothing less than breaking off
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* It appeared on one of the late trials for High Treason in Dublin, that on the 19th of last February, (the night when the Earl of Moira made a motion,

all connexion with England, and a total change of the established government in Ireland; and even an expectation of being able to attack England as an enemy, was warmly encouraged by them. So far from toleration in religious matters being allowed, Mr. Bagnall Harvey and their other protestant leaders, thought it prudent to attend mass in their camps.

In the town of Wexford, protestant men and women were obliged to recant; and, with their children, were required to be baptized in the Catholic chapel, after the Roman Catholic manner, and to attend mass. Even the protection, granted by the priests to the protestant men and women, after they had been thus baptized, was, "Protect, in the Name of Jesus Christ, *A. B.* he "or she having been made a Christian." [Signed by the priest.]

But here I must, in justice to many excellent priests, make a distinction between them and such others as fomented the disturbances. It was not by desire of the priests of the town of Wexford, that the Protestants were forced to yield to this necessity; owing to the ferocity of the mob, who could not bear the name of a Protestant. The conduct of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Wexford cannot be too much commended. The titular Bishop Caulfield, Father Curran, Father Broe, and indeed the whole of the priests and friars of that town, on all occasions, used their interest, and exerted their abilities in the cause of humanity. Every Sunday,

motion, in the House of Lords of Ireland, to recommend conciliatory measures,) it was resolved by the principal Committee of United Irishmen in Dublin, "that they would not acquiesce in any Reform, short of a "total change of government and a separation from England."

Sunday, after mass, they addressed their audience, and implored them, in the most earnest manner, not to ill-treat their prisoners, and not to have upon their consciences the reflexion of having shed innocent blood. When they heard of executions going forward, they flew to the spot, and by every entreaty endeavoured to rescue the victims from destruction. Sometimes they succeeded; and when they failed, they shewed sufficiently how they felt for the unhappy persons they could not save. The gallant Lord Kingsborough owed his life to the resolute interposition of the Catholic Bishop.—His Lordship, on hearing of the disturbances, had left Dublin, with a view of joining his regiment, the North Cork militia. Not knowing the town of Wexford was taken, he was proceeding towards it, with two of his officers, in a small sloop; but at a short distance from the harbour, the vessel was attacked by several armed boats belonging to the rebels. His Lordship, with his usual courage, endeavoured to defend himself, but was overpowered by numbers; and with his two officers, Captain Burke and Captain Edward Hay, the second day after the town was taken, was brought into Wexford; and they were confined together at a public house, the corner of the bull-ring, and a strong guard placed over them. Lord Kingsborough was universally beloved by all the officers and privates of his regiment, being more the father than the commander of his men. He had, with princely munificence, built several neat alms-houses at Michelftown, near which he has a country-seat, (about thirty miles from Cork,) for the accommodation of gentlemen and ladies in decayed circumstances, with the addition of a garden and thirty pounds a year to each.—His Lordship is in person a very fine man, and his

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manners

manners are so free and divested of pride, that he was the delight of the people. Yet the excellent character he had borne did not now avail him any thing; and this nobleman, who a few days before, appeared to be almost at the summit of earthly happiness, having fallen into the hands of these mad and wicked reformers of the state, was by them confined in a dramshop, surrounded by ruffian guards, denied any intercourse with his friends, and in hourly expectation of being massacred. In this trying situation, his Lordship conducted himself with his usual fortitude and magnanimity.

After a few days, the gaol was so crowded, that no room was left for the protestant prisoners, who were daily brought in from different parts of the county. The rebels then fitted up two large sloops, as prison-ships, with a quantity of straw at the bottom, and grating over the hatchways. These vessels were taken through the bridge of Wexford (which is a drawbridge) unrigged, and were moored in the middle of the river. A number of the most respectable gentlemen of the county, who were prisoners, were put on board, and with them, Lord Kingsborough and his officers; but he had not been long in this situation, before he was so beset with rats, that he was necessitated to send to Keughe, then the rebel-governor of the town, and in the most earnest terms entreat to be removed to any other place, were it ever so mean. This request was complied with; and his lordship, with his officers, under a strong guard of pike-men, was taken back to his old lodgings at the dram-shop. Several times did detachments come from the rebel-camp to demand his life; and the day before the town was taken by the King's troops, which was the time fixed upon for a general massacre of the prisoners,

a party

a party came to his lordship's lodging to demand his body ; but the guards, who were chiefly townsmen, and generally speaking, less blood-thirsty than the countrymen, refused. While this altercation lasted, the Catholic Bishop Caulfield arrived, and, finding all the arguments he could use had no effect, he rushed through the crowd, and forcing into the room where his lordship was, he placed himself before him, and told the rebels if they chose to fire they might ; but if they would murder his lordship, it should not be before they had killed him. This threat had the desired effect : the rebels went away, leaving his lordship and the bishop together.

I wish I could, with truth, speak as favourably of other descriptions of the Catholic priests as I am bound to do of those of the town of Wexford ; but greater monsters of iniquity than some of the country priests I believe never lived. Every deception that could influence the infatuated people, was practised by them. It will hardly be credited in this country, that thousands of the Irish are in such a state of ignorance as easily to believe the most extravagant reports and delusion. At the battle of Three Rocks, before the town of Wexford was taken by the rebels, a priest, of the name of Murphy, marched at their head, telling them to follow him, and not to fear ; for, if they took up the dust from the roads, and threw it at the King's troops, they would fall dead before them. The rebel-camps were constantly attended by numbers of these priests saying mass every day, and pretending to give charms which would prevent the balls of the soldiers from injuring them. To this cause principally may be attributed the undaunted manner in which the rebels often faced the cannon. You might see hundreds of them, with cords round their waists, on
which

which were seven knots, which they were persuaded to believe would effectually preserve them in the day of battle. That no compunction might rise in their breasts, on account of the murders they daily committed, their priests assured them it was ordained by God, and that it was prophesied there should be but one religion, and that was to be the Roman Catholic; so that in destroying the Protestants, they were performing a duty to heaven.

It may here be asked, Were there no Protestants among the rebels? I answer, Some few Protestants there were; and they found it necessary to assent and accommodate themselves to the humours, prejudices, vices, and cruelties, of the mob of Catholics, and by that means prevent disunion.

The favourite hope of the rebels, as I have before observed, was, that they should be able to establish the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, and exclude every other mode of worship. Liberty and Equality were also their constant theme; yet such were the indistinct notions of the lower orders of them, that they often talked of having Lord Edward Fitzgerald to be their King. The French they looked to for certain assistance, and confidently believed fifty sail of the line and a large army would be sent from France to support them. One of them, who appeared to be a man much more improved than the generality of them, told me that four years ago, delegates from France had been in Ireland; but perceiving that the lower orders of the people shewed no symptoms of desire for a change in government, they reported their opinions to the French rulers, who suspended their intention of invading that country; but about two years ago, the United Irishmen had sent to
France

France such information as induced them to send over two delegates to Ireland, who then found the minds of the people in a very different state, from the exertions of these traitors.

I shall conclude this part of my narrative with mentioning, that Mr. Bagnall Harvey came into the gaol twice only, during my confinement there. The last time, he was accompanied by a cousin of his, of the name of Leet, a boy not more than eleven years of age; but he bore the commission of a captain of the rebels. Mr. Harvey spoke to some of the gentlemen who were confined, and then went away; two days after which, (the Saturday before the town was retaken,) we heard he had resigned the command of the rebels, and was gone nobody knew where.

General Roach I never saw, after he gave the alarm on the bridge, of Vinegar Hill being attacked; to which myself and two others, out of ninety-eight who were carried there to be murdered, owed our lives. The other ninety-five, as I have already mentioned, were all massacred.

I shall now continue my journal, and give some account of the proceedings after his Majesty's troops took possession of Wexford, which was on Thursday, June 21.

On Friday, June 22, several of his Majesty's gun-boats and cutters (there not being sufficient depth of water for larger vessels) arrived, for the purpose of assisting the military, in case of resistance from the town. They towed out the two vessels which had been converted into prisons, and burnt them, and another sloop, belonging to the captain who took Lord Kingsborough prisoner.

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We now had once more the heart-felt satisfaction of seeing the English jack triumphant over the rebel white flag.

General Lake issued a proclamation, assuring such as would come forward and give up their arms, that they should find mercy and protection. He also issued general orders that no person should be put to death, unless he had been tried and condemned by a court-martial. He also forbid any inhabitant or other person being molested, with strict orders that no soldier should be allowed to take away any article from any person without paying for it.

Two men were this day hanged, but their names I do not know.

The distress of the town, from want of provisions, will readily be supposed. After having been in the possession of thousands of lawless banditti for three weeks, little could be left.—Fortunately on Sunday morning, June 24, near a hundred baskets of bread arrived from Dublin, part of which General Lake ordered to be carried to the bakers, to be delivered by them at Dublin prices, which proved a very seasonable relief to the inhabitants.

This day, a man dressed in woman's clothes, came into the town as a spy. His name was M'Guire. He was by trade a nailor; and had some time before been in the gaol for treasonable practices. Being discovered, he was immediately executed at the bridge.

The court-martials for the trials of the prisoners also began this day. Captain Keughe, who had been rebel-governor of the town, was convicted. It may seem strange that he, who had been in so conspicuous a situation should not have made his escape when the king's troops approached

approached towards the town ; but he expected to have secured his safety by negotiation, as appears by the following proposal, which he transmitted to General Lake :

“ That Captain M’Manus * shall proceed from Wexford towards Oulart, accompanied by Mr. E. Hay, appointed by the inhabitants of all religious persuasions, to inform the officer commanding the King’s troops, that they are ready to deliver up the town of Wexford without opposition, lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance, provided that their persons and properties are guaranteed by the commanding officer ; and that they will use every influence in their power, to induce the people of the country at large to return to their allegiance also. These terms, we hope, Captain M’Manus will be able to procure.

(“ Signed,)

“ By order of the inhabitants of Wexford,

“ MATT. KEUGHE.”

* Captain M’Manus was an officer in the Antrim Militia, and had been confined in Wexford gaol by the rebels. Mr. E. Hay was captain in the North-Cork militia, and was under confinement with Lord Kingsborough.—It was supposed by Captain Keughe that an application through these officers would have better effect.

Lieutenant-

Lieutenant-General Lake returned the following answer to Mr. Keughe's proposal :

“ Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to any terms offered by *rebels* in arms against their Sovereign : while they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction.

“ To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed)

“ G. LAKE.”

Enniscorthy, June 22, 1798.

Eight other rebels were convicted the same day that Captain Keughe was found guilty. One of these was father Roach, a priest, who had particularly distinguished himself among the rebels, by his example in leading them on to battle, by religious exhortations, and by his assurances of the certain effects of those consecrated charms, which if they wore them in the face of their enemies, he said, would protect them from danger. They were all sentenced to be hanged the next day at eleven o'clock, at the bridge, where the Protestants had been so cruelly murdered.

In the course of this day, a considerable number of rebels were taken up and committed to gaol.

Monday, June 25, Captain Keughe, Father Roach, and the seven other convicted rebels, were brought to the bridge of Wexford at eleven o'clock, according to the sentence

sentence passed on them. The crowd assembled was very great ; which I mention, as I wish to remark how different the conduct of the spectators on this melancholy occasion was, when compared with the licentious and inhuman fury of that mob which surrounded and witnessed the massacre of the Protestants. Those victims, while on their way to execution, were deafened by the exultations, and oppressed by the insults, of the savage-minded men and women, who in droves pressed upon them on all sides. What a reverse did the present scene exhibit ! Recent as were the injuries which had been sustained by those who were not liberated from prison, and inflamed as the minds of the various sufferers by the rebellion may be supposed to have been, yet not a reflexion was cast upon any of the convicts, nor a gesture seen that could disturb them at this awful moment. The sentiment which produced such decorum at such a time evidently proceeded from the temperate and humane manner in which the law was put in force, by the commander-in-chief, and against those rebels whose conduct was most flagitious.

Captain Keughe made a speech of some length, which, as I was not near to him, I could not hear. I was informed it chiefly tended to exculpate him from the ignominy of being supposed to have taken any part in those cruelties which had been committed by the rebels, which, on the contrary, he said, he had always used his utmost exertions to prevent. He desired that the Rev. Mr. Elgee, the protestant minister, might be sent for, which request was immediately granted. With him Captain Keughe continued some time in prayer. He then was executed ; and after having hung about a quarter of an hour, was cut down, and the head separated from the body, which was cast into the river, in the same place where the

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bodies

bodies of the murdered protestants had been thrown. His head was fixed upon a pike, and placed upon the Court-house.

Happily, such is the horror which every human being, that is not in the most depraved state, has of cruelty and murder, that anxiety to wipe away the stain of such a reproach is commonly observed to operate upon men in their last moments. Thus it was with Mr. Keughe, and to a certain degree I give him credit; but this I must say, that, on the day when I, with the two other Protestants, were called out and forced to execute Murphy, as the procession passed by the Custom-house, I observed Captain Keughe on the quay, with a great number of pikemen formed in a line. When we passed him, he saluted the guard after the military manner. As I knew him well before the rebellion, from his having been accustomed to call upon me at my shop, I did all in my power by gestures to attract his attention and move his compassion, but without effect: he would not look at me. Thus, if he did not perpetrate, he assented to, the horrid murders which were committed, which renders his justification doubtful.

Father Roach, the Roman Catholic priest who was executed with Captain Keughe, was brother to General Roach. He was a man of uncommon stature, and was so heavy that the first rope, by which he was suspended, broke. Another was immediately procured. I have before related some particulars of his conduct among the rebels.

At the same time, a man of the name of John Heron was executed. He was a grocer in the town of Wexford, and had a shop directly opposite to mine. He was made a lieutenant by the rebels, and accompanied Edward Fraime,

Fraine, the tanner, in that capacity, the morning I was appointed to shoot Murphy.* When Fraine informed me that I was to be employed on this dreadful service, I went up to Mr. Heron, hoping, that as we had always been on friendly terms, he would intercede for me; but he refused.

TUESDAY,

* To prevent any mistake on account of the name being similar, I wish to be understood that there were two men of the name of *Murphy* whom a select number of protestant prisoners were compelled by the rebels to execute: the man I have mentioned above, who it was decreed by the rebels should be executed by Garley, Mathews, and myself; and another man of the same name, who was shot by Mr. Robinson, Mr. Daniel, and Mr. Pigott; all of them gentlemen of excellent characters, who had appointments in the revenue.—The other *Murphy* was condemned by the rebels for having given evidence against a Roman Catholic priest, one Dixon, who had endeavoured to seduce him to take the oath of the United Irishmen when he came to him to confession. The priest was found guilty, and sent to serve in his Majesty's fleet. This *Murphy* had been gardener to Mr. Edwards, of Ballahire, in the county of Wexford. After the above gentleman had shot him, they were forced to drag his dead body to the water-side, and throw it in. These were the only Roman Catholics that were put to death by the rebels, and both of them suffered for having given evidence against them. I may here remind the reader, that Mr. Robinson and Mr. Daniel were both piked on the bridge. Mr. Pigott had the good fortune to be released from prison by the King's troops, and, I am informed, continues to reside in Wexford.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

This day Edward Fraine was tried. On his trial, among many circumstances by which his guilt was proved in the clearest manner, evidence was given, that, one morning, he being in the gaol, a prisoner applied to him for something to eat, and was answered by Fraine, "That, if he wanted a breakfast, he should have a belly-ful of pikes." The prisoner who applied was Mr. Lakey, a gentleman of the revenue. Fraine admitted the charges brought against him, and was condemned to be executed within an hour; but having petitioned for more time, to settle his affairs, he was allowed till eleven o'clock the next morning. He was then executed at the bridge. He was a handsome young man, about twenty-five years of age, and had not been long married.

This afternoon information being received that Mr. Beauchamp Bagnall Harvey and Mr. Colclough had been discovered in a cave in the Saltee-Islands, about a league and a half from Wexford, a company of the Queen's Royals or second regiment of foot, was immediately dispatched in a King's cutter to apprehend them.

The trial of Mr. Grogan also commenced this afternoon, which lasted several hours. He endeavoured to prove that he was forced into the rebel-service; but he was clearly convicted of having taken a busy part in it, and acting as commissary to the rebel-army. I was not present at his trial; and can give no farther account of it, only that, at his request, it was adjourned till the next morning, as he said he should then be able to produce witnesses to prove that he had not wilfully joined the rebels.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

The adjourned trial of Mr. Grogan recommenced, and lasted four hours, (in the whole, nine hours) when he was found guilty.

A party, consisting of a serjeant's guard belonging to the 29th regiment, was now ordered to march to the quay to receive Mr. Harvey and Mr. Colclough, who had been taken prisoners in the Saltee-Islands; and about three o'clock this afternoon they arrived. Great numbers of officers, belonging to the different corps now in the town, had assembled on the quay, to see men who had become so notorious.

On their landing, Mr. Harvey appeared to be very much dejected, and scarcely spoke to any one. Mr. Colclough, on the contrary, seemed to be in very good spirits. On hearing many persons enquiring which was Mr. Harvey, and which Mr. Colclough? he pulled off his hat, and bowing in the most polite manner, said, "Gentlemen, my name is Colclough." They were then both taken to the gaol.

Some of the soldiers, who had been of the party sent to the Saltee-Islands to apprehend Mr. Harvey and Mr. Colclough, informed me, that when they came to the island, they found but one house upon it, in which lived an old man and family; that upon their landing, they heard somebody holloa, as if to give warning to others, and they then saw the old man run across a field into his house. The soldiers followed him, and endeavoured by every entreaty, to prevail upon him to discover to them the place where the fugitives were concealed, but without effect. Finding they could get no intelligence by this mode

mode of address, and having certain information that the persons they sought for were there, they tied him up, and gave him two dozen lashes, when he acknowledged that Mr. Colclough and Mr. Harvey were in a cave in a rock close to the sea. He then conducted them to the other side of the island, where they found the cave; but it was so situated that it was impossible to approach the fugitives without a deal of trouble and danger. It was then thought most prudent to call to Mr. Harvey, who making no answer, the commander of the party told those within, that resistance was vain, that he had a large body of men with him, and should immediately order them to fire into the cave, if those who were concealed there did not come out. On this Mr. Colcough appeared, and he and Mr. Harvey surrendered themselves.

The soldiers were of opinion, that if he had defended himself, by firing through the chinks of the rocks, he might have killed several of them before they could possibly have shot at him with any effect. When he was taken, he had an old musket, a pocket pistol, and two cutlasses. His wife was with him. There was a very neat feather-bed, blanket and sheets in the cave, and a keg of whiskey; also a jar of wine, a tub of butter, and some biscuits; a large pound-cake, that weighed above twenty pounds; a live sheep and a crock of pickled pork; also tea, sugar, &c. Two chests of plate were also found near the cave. These were brought in a boat to town, and placed under the care of a magistrate. Mrs. Harvey was not brought to Wexford with her husband and Mr. Colclough.

In the evening, the trial of Mr. Harvey commenced; and notwithstanding the notoriety of his guilt, such was
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the candor and forbearance of the court-martial, that his trial lasted eight hours, when he was found guilty.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

This morning, about ten o'clock, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Grogan, and a Mr. Pendergast, a very rich merchant, were brought to the place of execution on the bridge. When they arrived at the fatal spot, Mr. Harvey, in a very low tone of voice, spoke to the gentlemen who stood round him. He declared, that if he had the least idea that such enormities and murders would have been committed upon the Protestants as had been, he would have had no concern in the business. He seemed to be very penitent, and was very loth to die, endeavouring all he could to delay the execution. Mr. Grogan asked Mr. Harvey if he had not been forced to join the rebels, to which Mr. Harvey answered—Yes. [This I did not hear, but a person, who stood nearer to him, assured me of it.]

Mr. Grogan at this moment expressed a desire to see his brother, Col. John Grogan, who accordingly came to him. They took each other by the hand, and bid a last farewell.

The prisoners then knelt down, prayed a few minutes, and were then launched into eternity. After they had hung ten minutes they were taken down, and the heads of Mr. Harvey and Mr. Grogan were cut off; after which, the three bodies were thrown into the river. The heads of Mr. Harvey and Mr. Grogan were fixed, on each side of that of Captain Keughe, on the top of the Court-House.

I shall

I shall now hasten to conclude my narrative; for, were I to relate all the instances of hardships of the severest kind, suffered by the most respectable individuals, they would almost fill a volume. I have been assured, from undoubted authority, that when the rebels got possession of the town of Wexford, Mrs. Ogle (wife of the Right Hon. George Ogle, many years member for the county,) and her sister Miss Moore, like many others, got on board a vessel lying in the harbour, with the hope of escaping to sea; but they had not been long on board before the vessel was attacked and boarded by one of the armed boats belonging to the rebels. The ruffians, when they seized them, treated them and many other ladies with them, with the greatest insolence and brutality, threatening to put the *men* on board immediately to death; which so terrified one young woman that she leaped into the sea, saying, she would not live to see her husband murdered.

After all the ladies on board were brought back to Wexford, they were confined (*four-and-twenty* in number) in a small room, where they remained, for above three weeks, without any thing to lie upon but straw, and without having it in their power in all the time, to take off their clothes. During the whole time of their confinement, from which they were released by the King's troops retaking the town, the only allowance of food for these twenty-four ladies was, an ox's head and four pounds of tripe, with a small portion of bread, which was to serve them for two days.

Having been informed, that a vessel was preparing to sail for England, with dispatches from General Lake to Government, I made all the interest I could to obtain a passage in her: and the hardships and dangers I had suffered

suffered were described to Captain Keen, of the Royal Navy, in such a manner that he consented to give me a passage, if I could obtain a passport from General Lake. This I applied for; and a passport was immediately granted me, a copy of which I have prefixed to this Narrative. The ecstasy I felt, on being permitted to quit a country in which I had so long lived in a state of dreadful apprehension, I shall never be able to express: it seemed almost to deprive me of my senses. How sweet was the name of England at that moment!

Before I went on board the vessel, I saw Mr. Colclough, who had been tried and convicted, brought by himself to the place of execution, at the bridge, between five and six o'clock this evening. As soon as he came to the foot of the gallows, he addressed the spectators with a firm distinct voice, and without the least change of countenance, nearly as follows:—"Gentlemen, I am now
 " come to that time which is the most awful that man
 " can experience. Thank God, I am not afraid to die!
 " I can smile at the gallows and at the rope with which
 " I am to be executed! I wish to feel if it be strong
 " enough." [He took hold of the rope and proceeded.] "I
 " shall thank you, gentlemen, for a little water, as I desire
 " to drink a toast before I die." [Some water was immediately brought him, and he took the mug in his hand.]
 " Here," said he, "is success to the King and Constitution,
 " and I hope my fate will be a warning to all mankind not
 " to attempt to interfere with the order of govern-
 " ment, or to disturb the peace of their country. As I
 " shall answer it to God, before whom I must shortly
 " appear," [here he laid his hand upon his breast,] "I
 " declare that I did not know of the rebellion breaking
 " out till within three hours of the time when arms were
 I " taken

“ taken up. But I acknowledge the justice of my sentence; for about three years ago, I was one of the principal abettors in this business. I have now, gentlemen, only one favour to ask of you, which is, that you will not take off my coat and waistcoat, as I have only an old borrowed shirt under them, and I wish to appear decently before the people.” [All the other criminals, it should be observed had been stripped to their shirts before their execution.]

He then knelt down and prayed a few minutes; after which he was drawn up, and I quitted the spot while he was suspended.

The persons whom I have already mentioned, and two others, were all that were executed while I remained in Wexford. Messrs. Harvey, Keughe, Grogan, and Colclough, were Protestants. Mr. Colclough was of a very respectable family, and possessed considerable property in the county of Wexford, and was very much esteemed by all who knew him, as a worthy and ingenious man.

In the evening of the 28th of June, I, with my wife and child, went on board the sloop; and after a passage of two days and two nights, during which we were tossed about by contrary winds, we landed safely at Milford in South Wales, having no other clothes than those we wore, and not a shilling in our pockets; but to the everlasting honour of the inhabitants of that place, we were no sooner put on shore, and our case known, than each of them strove who should first render us assistance. A guinea was instantly gathered for us among the by-standers, and our other wants were immediately supplied.

The next day, a recommendation, by the Irish refugees from Wexford, was written for me to the committee

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at Haverfordwest, from whom I received ten guineas to carry me and my family to London; and it was not to us only that this bounty was extended, but to every other person, who had suffered by the rebellion, that applied to them. The impression these instances of humanity made on our minds is indelible. Once more did human nature appear to us amiable, and again we could acknowledge compassionate sympathy and benevolence. How detestable is that man who, to gratify his ambitious passions, or to indulge his fanciful theories, would endeavour to disturb the peace of his fellow subjects, to inflame their minds against each other, and eventually, as I have shewn, extinguish the best propensities of our nature!

On Monday, July 2, we set off for London, and found, every where on the road, people anxiously inquiring for news from Ireland. Short as was the account I was able to give at the places where we occasionally stopped, it was sufficient to excite astonishment and horror. I was truly happy to have these proofs that my countrymen were not tainted with the vile principles which have nearly ruined our sister kingdom.

I have now only to add, that I trust the history of these atrocities (for the truth of every word of which I appeal to all those who were imprisoned along with me, who were not massacred, and to all the surviving inhabitants of Wexford) will induce all my fellow-subjects, to a good and gracious King, to be satisfied with that situation in life, in which Divine Providence has been pleased to place them, and to consider as their worst enemies those who endeavour to make them discontented; resting assured, that their own industry and honest endeavours will more speedily and safely better their conditions than any of the doctrines which they teach; to hold fast

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to the glorious Constitution of our ancestors, which gives the best possible security to life, liberty, and property ; and to abhor all innovation, as opening a door to confusion, plunder, cruelty and death.

CHARLES JACKSON.

THE END.

